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## Trinity Tablet, June 25, 1901

Trinity College

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# THE TRINITY TABLET

ESTABLISHED APRIL 11 1868

TRINITY COLLEGE  
VOL. XXXIV.

JUNE 25 1901  
No. 12

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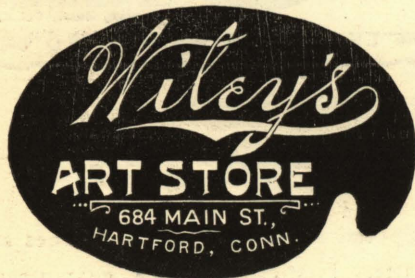
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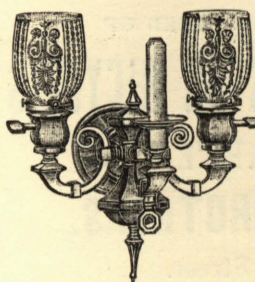
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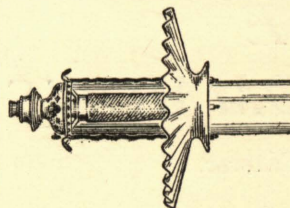
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# The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXXIV

JUNE 25 1901

No. 12

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*Published every three weeks during the College year*

## EDITORS

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EDWARD JAMES MANN, 1904

*Business Manager*

HERVEY BOARDMAN VANDERBOGART, 1903, *Literary Editor*

EDMUND CRAWFORD THOMAS, 1903

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## EDITORIALS

IT always has been and doubtless always will be the desire of new TABLET editorial boards to make some changes in their publication, and the present board is no exception. We hope, however, that the change proposed will be one which will be practically encouraged by every Trinity man. It has been decided to reduce the price of the yearly subscription to THE TABLET to one dollar from two, as it has formerly been. The need of this reduction has long been apparent, and it is believed that the plan will meet with success. As a means of furthering the methods which are being used to double the number of men at Trinity, no better way could be found than the circulation of the college publication. A



doubled subscription list means that twice as many persons are in touch with the college, and informed of its progress. Personal letters will be sent, during the summer, to each alumnus of the college, and the support of the undergraduates is solicited. It is hoped, therefore, that the efforts to enlarge the circulation of THE TABLET and thereby to spread the name of the college, will be materially aided by everyone interested in Trinity's welfare.

\* \* \*

THE great interest which was displayed in track athletics this spring, and the excellent work of our athletes, gave ample evidence of Trinity's strength in this department. As a means of increasing this interest, and furthering the cause of a strong track team, THE TABLET would suggest that more importance be added to the Fall underclass meet. The present plan of having the meet almost immediately upon the opening of college, without any training on the part of the contestants, is radically wrong. It does not enable either class to do itself justice, and it is more apt to result in injury than benefit to the men who compete without being in the physical condition which results from careful training. To obviate these disadvantages, the meet should be postponed at least two, or even three weeks, from the opening of college. This is very short time in which to train, but it is undeniably better than not training at all. We ask the Athletic Association to try this plan next Fall, and study the results.

\* \* \*

THE TABLET has advocated the appointment of an undergraduate auditing committee, to receive and certify the accounts of the managers of the several college organizations, but the suggestion does not seem to have met with favor. We



suggest that the managers adhere to the old custom of publishing a general report in THE TABLET at the close of their season. THE TABLET is always glad to encourage the publication of such reports and to yield the space which they require. Even if not published, all such reports should at least be read before the Athletic Association. Not only do they show the men who have subscribed to the team just where the money has gone, but they are also of use to future managers. We do not question in the least the honesty or ability of the manager of any college team or club, but we voice the opinion of the whole college when we state that the suppression of their reports is a decidedly unpopular practice.

\* \* \*

THE 1902 *Ivy*, recently published, contains many excellent features and is in some respects an improvement over its predecessors, but it is marked by one fault which seems to be almost ineradicable in our annuals—the fault of inaccuracy. This negligence in compiling the various lists of classes, organizations, etc., is more serious than many seem to think. A little care in writing up such lists would do away with the absurd and embarrassing errors with which the reader is confronted. One student, for instance, is left out of the *Ivy* entirely. In the list of upperclassmen many honors are omitted, while others are added of which the necessity is open to dispute. Only half the members of the tennis association are given in the annual, and the class teams are woefully inaccurate. A notice had been posted, asking the upperclassmen to send in their list of honors, but the notice remained on the board for only a few hours, and was seen by hardly any of the men to whom it was addressed. It would have been better for the editor in charge of these lists to have carefully examined the three preceding annuals, the college catalog, and the files of THE TABLET



for the current year. In this way the lists could have been made exact in every respect, and by posting the proof on the bulletin-board any errors could have been rectified before publication. We would suggest omitting a list, if no effort is to be made to compile it in a thorough and painstaking manner. Let us hope that future editors of the *Ivy* will strive to attain a stricter standard of accuracy.

---

### ALUMNI

THE ways of Trinity are changed, I trow,  
Since those days you lived in our old row :  
The worn old walk is gone, and few  
The faces that you loved and knew,  
The good old days have altered so !

Of course, we know, the old walk had to go ;  
"The College had to have a way to grow."  
But merry yet and strong and true,  
The ways of Trinity !

Tempus mutatur—yes! 'Tis changed, but tho'  
A better Trinity greets each winter's snow,  
You still are loyal to the true,  
I to old gold, you to the blue,  
For each has learned to love and know  
The ways of Trinity !

*Edward James Mann.*

---



## A CLASS-DAY TRAGEDY

BURTON, '01, walked slowly over towards the Bishop and sat down on the stone pedestal. The walk was dotted here and there with men hurrying about getting together their effects in preparation for the departure for the summer vacation. "Jove," thought Burton, as he seated himself on the grass, "I will hate to leave the old place after all. It doesn't seem that I've been here long either." He turned on his elbow and looked over towards the gym. Some of the men were just going over for the last rehearsal for the senior dramatics which were to be given that evening. A few who were leaving early, were hurrying down the walk shouting farewells to their friends up at the windows. Others were lying about on the campus killing time and wishing that all the troubles of Commencement Week were over. "Well," said Burton to himself, "I guess I might as well go over and take a bath. There seems to be nothing else to do, and I'll just get blue sitting around here and regretting that I have to leave." He pulled himself together and walked over to the gym. As he entered the door he noticed two of his classmates coming up the walk with some young ladies. "Heavens, how can anybody have the energy to drag girls around a day like this! It's hot enough without any additional exercise." Then he vanished into the gym, for he had recognized one of the young ladies as the girl he had brought to the Junior "Prom" a short time before.

A few minutes later Burton was standing under the shower-bath, oblivious to everything else except its cooling streams. At last he turned off the water and picked his way out to the dressing room, where a few minutes' brisk rubbing with a towel soon made him feel entirely recovered from the effects of the heat. He was just weighing himself on the scales when he heard voices in the gym-



nasium above. At first he paid no attention, but a moment later the voices came nearer and he distinctly heard a girl say, "So down there is where they practice baseball. Well, I really want to go down and see what it's like, now can't I?" Burton was about to make some remark to show his whereabouts when he heard a hurry of feet, and a man's voice saying, "Well, if you are the first one down, you'll be the last one up." The next moment Burton, standing on the scales, heard the race reach the top of the stairs. It was a time for decided and immediate action, so with a rush he went through the baseball cage, and in a few seconds was behind the canvas flaps at the end of the bowling alley. It was hardly a comfortable position, for the space was very narrow and hot. The dust was thick, and immediately upon his entrance a number of small, but energetic, spiders began to crawl over his bare shoulders on a tour of investigation. "Gad, but that was a close call," he muttered. "I hope they get out in a hurry, though, for I can't stand this forever." A large cobweb caught on his ear and hung gracefully there. He could not remove it, for there was no room to move. "Darn that spider!" he said, shrugging his shoulders nervously, as a small insect, entangled in the web, began a vigorous struggle for liberty. Then the voices grew louder, and he was obliged to keep silent. At first he could not hear what was being said; but suddenly the speakers came nearer,—there seemed but two now,—and he listened unwillingly to a conversation which seemed to be on a subject of great importance.

"Now, Mr. Page," the girl's voice said, "do you think you should ask me such a question?"

"But I could not help it, Alice. I must speak,—must tell you of my love. Will nothing move you—nothing?"

There was a pause. Burton squirmed uneasily as the dust rolled down his back. Then the girl spoke again.



"It is all useless, Dick," she said. "I may call you Dick, may I not? Sometimes I think that I love you, but I am not sure, and we are both so young, Dick; you know I am only nineteen."

"That is nothing, Alice. You are everything to me, and I cannot live without you. I know others have said the same thing, but they never meant it as I do."

So the conversation went on; but, under the canvas, Burton was in a pitiable plight. He was so cramped that he felt it would be impossible to stand it much longer. Yet if he disclosed himself by a noise of any kind, he would not only embarrass his room-mate, whose voice he had recognized, but also ruin himself utterly in the eyes of the girl whom he most desired to please. "Lord, but this is awful!" he said. "Why in the deuce doesn't he cut it out? The guy ought to see she has no use for him—thank goodness! If they don't go soon, I can't stand it. It will be a case of 'back to the woods' all right. I swear I'll never take another bath if I get out of this. Now that eye is full of dust, and I can't see a blamed thing. Oh, hang it all, anyway!" Just then he placed his hand carefully on a ten-pin to steady himself. It slipped, and, with a violent effort to regain his equilibrium, he fell out into the bowling alley. Before the astonished pair could even utter a sound, Burton had made a wild dive for the canvas curtain; but as he did so, he heard a loud laugh, which caused him to stop. He looked out. There, leaning over the side of the alley, laughing like maniacs, were his room-mate and their chum across the hall. Burton crawled out and began picking the cobwebs from his person.

"Where is the girl?" was his first question.

His friends looked at him for a moment, and then broke into louder peals of laughter than before. At last, after much abuse from Burton, who called them all the names which an enraged man could think of, the situation was explained.



"You see, Burt, Dick and I are together in the dramatics. I have the girl's part, and we were just having a little practice. What do you think of my feminine voice?" and they burst out laughing again.

"Damn you and your feminine voice," said Burton, as he picked up his towel.

*Philip Safford Clarke*

---

#### PURE LOVE

LOVE is a light, which fed on precious oils  
Of purity with virtue's sweet perfume,  
Will ever in the night of time illumine  
The doubtful ways beset with evil's toils;  
But if some deadly essence vilely soils  
That golden lamp, then sadly in the gloom  
The soft flame flickers out, and like a tomb,  
Despair will wreath us in its serpent coils

If change of time with all its wind and cloud,  
Should bear me far from thee, yet clear my lamp  
With all its holy flame behind the shroud  
Of fate will burn thro' misty twilight's damp:  
Ah, love, that flame, with light from thee endowed,  
Will show me where beleaguering foes encamp.

*Hervey Boardman Vanderbogar.*

---



## A COMMENCEMENT COMEDY

SUPPER was over. Charley West, whose turn it had been to cook, was just putting the dishes away, while Tom Pomeroy and Jack Haines, the other two members of the delightful little community known as Camp Trinity, were down at the shore, puffing at their pipes in silence and drinking in the beauties of the golden sunset. Charley tossed the last dish into the hamper, hung up the dish-rag, and, with a few agile leaps, joined his companions on the rocks below.

"Hello, Bridget! Got everything to rights?"

"You needn't talk; it's your turn to-morrow, my sable friend."

"That's all right, Charley. Say, old man, I was just thinking about that 'commencement oration you gave us last Wednesday, down at college. I meant to speak to you about it after the exercise, but I didn't get a chance to see you till we started camp yesterday, and it has just occurred to me."

"Well?"

"Well, I want to know what Italian art has got to do with the present crisis in China."

"Of course you do! That's rich!" Charley answered, and broke into a quiet laugh. "I guess there are lots of others who are wondering the same thing. Do you want to hear how it happened?"

"There's nothing else to do, and we can't call the police, so you might as well cut right in."

"It was this way: Billy Stokes, who rooms across the hall from me, as you know, was slated to orate on 'Michelangelo's Place in Art,' and I was down for 'The Present——'"

"Yes, yes. We saw all that on the program."



"Say, if you fellows don't want to listen to this, you needn't. As I was about to say, Billy and I used to go over to Alumni Hall every day and deliver our orations in the presence of each other. It was not long before I got firmly imbedded in my memory the fact that 'the contributions of Italian art to the treasures of the world have been of priceless value,' which was the opening sentence of Billy's oration, while he was equally sure that 'the history of the Chinese nation has always been of surpassing interest,' that being the thought with which my oration got away. We used to jolly each other about speaking, and one evening while we were out fussing, for instance, I said: 'Come, Billy, stand up and tell the ladies about 'the contributions of Italian art to the treasures of the world.' In fact, each of us got to know the opening sentences of both orations equally well."

"I see. So they actually got mixed on Commencement Day?"

"Exactly. You know how easily rattled Billy is? Well, when he got up on the platform and saw that sea of white, staring faces, he lost his nerve for a moment. He told me afterwards that he was actually afraid of them—had a sort of idea that they were all in league to get him off. He had to say something, however, and in the most unconscious manner possible, he informed the expectant audience that 'the history of the Chinese nation has always been of surpassing interest.' Billy told me that when he heard the words 'Chinese nation' get up into the rafters, he suddenly realized that it was a rash statement for a man who was supposed to be tied down to 'Michelangelo's Place in Art.' He had to think, and think quickly. He got back his nerve by an effort, and continued: 'It has, however, probably contributed less to art than any other great nation the world has ever seen. Let us consider, as an example of rich encouragement of art, the Italian nation.' Of course, he was



back on the main line by this time, and he got through in great style."

"Billy's a clever boy, all right. That was heady work. I didn't notice anything off color in his speech. But why did you drag in Italian art when *you* got up to speak, Charley?"

"I'll tell you. I thought it was a good joke on Billy, and enjoyed it thoroughly. I jollied him about it all through the musical selection which followed, for his seat was right beside mine. Then Prex announced my oration, and I got up to meet the awful torture. At this point I was about to open the game by referring to the surpassing interest which the history of the Chinese nation has always had for anybody who ever wasted the time over it that I did. Then it suddenly occurred to me, with startling force, that Billy had gotten off that same sentence himself, since I had not given a moment's thought to the deficiency till this very minute. Say! I felt like a block of artificial ice. It was awful. Well, I was in Billy's fix, and had to say *something*; so I let the audience into the fact that 'the contributions of Italian art to the treasures of the world have been of priceless value.' I don't know why I said that, but when you are facing a room full of faces and eyes, you can't tell what you are going to do if you get rattled, or stutter, or anything like that. While I was getting off this choice thought about Italian art, I also was doing the lightning cogitation act, but I couldn't think as fast as Billy Stokes. However, I went on just about like this: 'It is true—however—that the earnest student—of history—is not always content with generalizing—but—prefers to examine every phase of the subject in hand.' At this point I put on the corrugated brow, and looked around convincingly. I knew there wasn't a soul there who knew any more about what I was saying than I did myself."



“You’re right, Charley. I said to myself when you were saying that; “I can’t understand what this is all about, but it must be something deep, so I’ll ask him about it afterwards.”

“That’s good news to me, Tom, for I was afraid they might see I was sparring for wind. After this pause I was all right; so I went on: ‘We find that the same principle applies to the history of great nations; take, for instance, that of China.’ Then I made connections again and spread out the Chinese crisis.”

“First-class, old man; first-class! I thought *I* was glad when you got through, but I guess you felt more relieved than any of us,” and Jack deftly side-stepped as Charley’s right came at him.

*James Albert Wales.*

---

## A VISION

I SIT and gaze from my window on the leaden, rainy skies;  
My senses are peering behind the clouds with imagination’s eyes,  
Seeking to pierce the gloom and find a vision of paradise.

And what do I see? No streets of pearl and it isn’t the golden gate  
With Peter the keeper standing there, holding the keys in state:  
It’s a college where chapel’s at half past nine instead of at half-past eight.

*William Larchar, Jr.*

---



## COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

THE Right Rev. A. C. A. Hall, Bishop of Vermont, preached in the chapel Sunday morning June 9. At the evening service the bishop delivered a short address and administered the rite of confirmation. The usual college tea, the last one of the year, was held in the dining hall at six o'clock.

A meeting of the musical organizations was held on June 12 for the election of officers and club leaders. Tuke, 1902, was elected president; Wheeler, 1902, manager, and Larchar, 1903, assistant manager. The leaders of the clubs were as follows: Glee Club, Stewart, 1902; Mandolin Club, Stewart, 1902; Banjo Club, Larchar, 1903. The men who were elected leaders of the clubs are eminently suited for the positions. Stewart has been on the Glee Club for two years, and has played first violin on the Mandolin Club for a year. Larcher is one of the best banjo players on the Banjo Club. He was elected leader last year, but resigned in favor of Wheeler, 1901.

A meeting of the Senior Class was held on June 11, and J. A. Wales was elected class secretary and treasurer for the next three years. At this meeting A. T. Wynkoop resigned his position as class poet, and F. H. Foss was elected to the place.

The 1902 *Ivy* was placed on sale at the college on Monday June 10. The volume is very attractive in many ways. It is bound in steel gray, the lettering being in crimson, and is dedicated to Dr. Winfred Robert Martin, one of Trinity's most popular professors. The drawings in this year's *Ivy* are especially worthy of mention, some of them being extremely good. The chief contributor in this department were Wales, 1901, and Waterman, 1901, and the results reflect great credit on the artists. The annual also contains the usual lists of classes, fraternities and college organizations, together with literary work.



The Senior Honorary Society met Wednesday evening June 12 and elected the following Juniors to the "Medusa Head": James Henderson, Somerville, Mass.; Edward Goodridge, Exeter, N. H.; Richard Hicks Weibel, Riverhead, L. I.; Carlos Curtis Peck, Bridgeport, Conn.; William Hardin Wheeler, Little Falls, N. Y.; Charles Hawley Hill, Hiawatha, Kansas; Philip Lockwood Barton, Framingham, Mass.

The Sophomore Dining Club elections were held on June 10, and the following men elected: Townsend, Buffington, Allen, Denslow, Humphries, McKeon, Van Tine, McIlvaine, Maddox, Packard and Clapp.

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### THE BASE-BALL TEAM

THE past base-ball season at Trinity was successful in every respect except one, namely, that rainy weather interfered with the practice season. Later five games had to be cancelled for the same reason, and the base-ball field was unfit for practice until after two games had been played. Considering that the conditions were so unfavorable the team played remarkably well at the beginning, and improved in their work as the season progressed.

Bellamy's absence left a vacancy at second to fill, and Glazebrook had no successor to take his place behind the bat. The outfield had also to be filled with new men.

Henry and Bradin had a close race for catcher, Henry finally winning out. Townsend proved the man for the place at second, and the outfield was ably taken care of, so the team started the season with what promised and proved to be a fast fielding but a weak batting team.

Although Brown defeated us in the first game by the score of 16-4, the team showed up well, considering that the game was played in the rain and



that it was the first time the team had been on a diamond. Holy Cross, who has shut out Brown this year 6-0, was played next, and in a close and exciting game we lost 12-13.

The two best games of the year were the Crescent Athletic Club game, and that with Tufts. In the latter the team made no less than five double plays.

The work of the individual men on the team this year may be briefly summed up as follows :

Capt. Fiske played his last season with Trinity, and leaves a vacancy in the infield that will be very hard to fill. He was easily among the best of the college third-base men in fielding, but did not come up to his usual standard in batting. He was a good man to bring in runs for the team, and showed great speed on the bases.

Van De Water played well in center. At the beginning of the year he showed lack of experience, but improved as he became familiar with his position. He tried for everything within reach and was not afraid of making errors on difficult chances. In stick work he was a trifle weak, but was a good bunter.

Peck only joined the team for five games, but proved himself a good fielder, and handled cleanly everything that came his way. His batting was rather weak.

Brown was not able to play through the season on account of water on the knee, and when he did get into the game, was not able to show his former speed. His batting was good.

Goodridge did most of the pitching, and, as a rule, kept the hits of the opposing batters well scattered. The most noticeable part of his pitching is his good control, very few men getting first on balls. He fielded his position well, but was poor in batting.

Henderson, although out of position, did well at short, taking many hard chances. He led the team in batting, and when a hit was needed, he was generally ready with one.

Brigham did splendid work on first base, handling all kinds of throws easily, and saving his infielders errors. His batting was weak, but was an improvement on his work of last season.



Henry was very steady behind the bat. He was a sure catch on fouls, and had few passed balls. While his throwing was not fast, he usually got his man. In batting he was very strong, running a close race with Henderson.

Bradin did not have much chance to show what he could do, but with experience he ought to make a good man behind the bat.

Townsend started the season poorly at second, but improved greatly in fielding as the season progressed. His batting was weak.

Mann did his best work in the outfield, being very fast. He also did good work in the box, and was a good free hitter, but had difficulty in placing his hits. On the bases he was very fast.

Allen only played in one game, but showed up well in that. With experience he should make a good man for the outfield.

*William Larchar, Jr.*

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## THE STROLLER

AS soon as examinations were over THE STROLLER began preparations for his departure. He had at first intended to stay over for Commencement, but visions of Class Day exercises interrupted by frequent showers of broken rock from the blasts behind the college, had caused him to change his mind. He therefore begins in a leisurely way to pack his trunk, resolving this time that he would leave nothing behind, as he had so often on former occasions. When he has at last completed his work and locked his trunk, his room-mate comes in and asks where his hat is. THE STROLLER assists in the search and finally remembers that he has put it in the trunk by mistake. The search for the hat discloses the fact that THE STROLLER has also put his friend's overcoat in, thinking it was his own. At last everything is set right and THE STROLLER, with a perception that is marvelous, locks up his bureau and puts the key in the trunk so that it



will not be lost. He then snaps the lock on the trunk, and as he is tacking on his card suddenly remembers that the key to the trunk is in the bureau. A few minutes brisk work with a hatchet soon places the key in his possession again, and as the bureau is then worthless, he goes out and puts up a notice on the bulletin board to the effect that a fine bureau, almost new, is for sale cheap. The next task is to find a means of conveying the trunk to the station. An arrangement is at last made with a driver who agrees to take the trunk to the depot at the rate of fifty cents a hundred yards, THE STROLLER to pay a dollar down, and a dollar a month for the next three years. After the trunk is well on its way, THE STROLLER discovers that he has forgotten to put in his sheets. While he is considering how this may be remedied, a glance at the time table reveals the fact that his train leaves in twenty minutes. There is no time for delay. THE STROLLER grasps the sheets in one hand and his dress suit case in the other, and starts on a mad rush for the station. He reaches the street car with an officer in hot pursuit, and it takes the whole distance to the depot to explain the situation to the satisfaction of the excited guardian of the peace. At last THE STROLLER secures his ticket, and having safely eluded the private detective employed by his washerwoman, is seated in the train. Just before it starts, THE STROLLER feels a paper in his pocket, which upon examination proves to be the dance program which he has filled out for the "Prom," and had forgotten about. To cap the climax he discovered that he has his room-mate's dress suit case, and that the supposed sheets which he has so carefully guarded, are some old ones which he had intended to throw away. THE STROLLER gets off the train and stands thinking. His ticket is in the seat, where he had carefully placed it when he first boarded the train. His trunk had gone to unknown lands. His available wearing apparel consists of a dressing gown and a pair of duck trousers, and his hat is in the departing train with the ticket. Slowly he walks back to college, the sheets still held unconsciously under his arm. A short time later he appears at the Class Day dance, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the collar of his dress suit is turned back just enough to reveal, with startling distinctness, his room-mate's name standing out in bright letters.



## PERSONALS

The REV. SAMUEL HART, D.D., '66, has declined a call to the General Theological Seminary, New York.

FRANK F. RUSSELL, '85, has been appointed Judge of the City Court of Putnam, Conn.

CHARLES H. TIBBITS, '87, read a paper on the Cheshire Academy at a recent meeting of the Church Club of Connecticut.

The Alumni Address at the recent Commencement of the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut was delivered by the REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, '90.

Married, at St. Paul's Church, Wickford, R. I., June 19th, EDWARD WANTON ROBINSON, '96, and Miss Helena Porter Thomas.

The marriage of W. A. EARDELEY, '96, to Miss Florence M. Kass is announced, to take place June 27th, in New York.

Married, in St. James' Church, Winsted, Conn., June 20th, the REV. KARL REILAND, '97, and Miss Elizabeth Louise Burwell.

ROBERT S. STARR, '97, has received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, from Columbia University (the College of Physicians and Surgeons).

JOHN W. NICHOLS, '99, was ordained to the Diaconate in St. Matthew's Church, San Mateo, Cal., on the 29th of May, by his father, the RT. REV. W. F. NICHOLS, '70.

Married, in Hartford, June 19th, the REV. CRANSTON BRENTON, '99, and Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis.



Mr. Clarence W. Hahn, for the past year Instructor in Natural History, intends next year to take advance studies at Columbia in working for his doctor's degree.

The engagement is announced of ALFRED LAUDER ELLIS, '98, and Miss Maie G. McIntyre, of St. John, New Brunswick.

Of this years' graduates, COCHRANE, MASON, MITCHELL, and RUDD, intend next year to carry on post-graduate studies in the College; ANDERSON, BURBANCK, KELLY, WALKER, and MOREHOUSE, expect to enter the General Theological Seminary; FOSS is to study law and LEVIN to study medicine at Columbia; BELLAMY will teach at Cloyne House, Newport, and WILSON at Rutger's School, New Brunswick; CLEMENT will engage in civil engineering; EVANS expects to enter the foreign banking business; HUDSON will engage in the wholesale tobacco business in Syracuse; HINNEN is to study medicine in Cincinnati; PECK is interested in a Mexican enterprise; STURTEVANT will study English Literature at Harvard; VAN DE WATER goes into business in New York.

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## NECROLOGY

SAMUEL FARMAR JARVIS, JR., a graduate in the class of 1889, died at his residence in New York, after a short illness, on the 14th of June, aged 34 years. He studied law at the Harvard Law School, and was engaged in the practice of his profession in New York, devoting himself to it with much energy and success. His father, now rector of Trinity Church, in Brooklyn, Conn., was of the class of 1845 in this College, and his grandfather, of the same name, was professor here, while Jarvis Hall is named in honor of his great grandfather, the second Bishop of Connecticut. Mr. Jarvis was buried in the Farmar vault in Trinity Churchyard, New York.



## BOOK REVIEWS

*Three Men on Wheels*, by Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

From its title the reader might expect that this book of Mr. Jerome's was written in the same style as his immensely popular *Three Men in a Boat*. It follows the same plan, but is in many respects very different. There is more of an attempt at description of the various places which ramblers visit, and the author's opinions are expressed in a more serious and thoughtful manner than in the preceding volume. The humorous incidents are very cleverly treated, and the book is well worth reading. Harrison Fisher's illustrations are very carefully done, and catch the spirit of the text most admirably.

*A History of Chinese Literature*, by Herbert A. Giles, M. A., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the first attempt to present a comprehensive idea of the wit, the humor, the wisdom, and the beauties of a literature which will come as a revelation to most readers.

*Thou Art the Man*, by F. W. Pangborn. London, Paris, and New York: Wright & Company.

This little volume sometimes is sarcastically critical and almost cynically severe. It is easy to indulge in criticism of the destructive sort, but constructive suggestion is a more difficult matter.

*The Tribune Primer*, by Eugene Field. Boston: Privately printed.

*The Tribune Primer* is a collection of some of Mr. Field's humorous writings in the Denver Tribune. The present edition is a re-print of the limited edition of 1882. The humor is racy, original and enjoyable.